

Scared Shitless

Commission – October 2022

Dammit. Maybe it was a good thing after all that she'd worn this pull-up today?

Alesha bounced gently from left foot to right, then back again, trying not to let her growing impatience and urgency show. Ahead of her the line for the haunted house was immobile, with at least thirty more variously enthusiastic folks queuing passively in front of them. They'd been in line for, what? Twenty minutes already? Ordinarily a place like this wouldn't be so crazy busy, of course. But what with it being such nice weather, and with Halloween only a week away...

"What's the matter, babe? Getting excited?" Josh's voice rumbled beside her, and she paused in her restless shifting. "No- I mean, kinda," she admitted, and even as another wave of urgency radiated up from her bladder, she knew she couldn't possibly tell him what was *actually* going on. He adored teasing her about her potty problems, after all. He'd been the one who told her to pad up today, "just in case." He would simply laugh, and tease her about being a leaky little thing with a tiny bladder, and ask with a smirk if maybe she really wasn't ready to be a big girl after all...

Besides, she'd already dug herself into this hole. She'd boldly declared, just that very morning, that pull-ups were stupid – that she was far too big for such silly things – that Josh was being super unfair for making her wear one.

Though that was *before* they'd hit the road, and *before* they'd stopped by Starbucks for her favorite Venti pumpkin spice latte, and before she'd unthinkingly gulped it all down with no regard for the consequences so much caffeine and liquid might have on her system. Consequences, it had to be said, that were already making themselves felt.

"Kinda?" His laughing eyes met hers, and she felt a self-conscious blush creeping up her cheeks. "I thought you were wild about haunted houses! Are you chickening out on me *now*? After we drove an hour and a half to get here?" "No, no, definitely not," she spluttered, trying not to let her urgency show. "I- I was just..."

"Just *what*?" he probed, and she knew she'd have to say it. "I, uh..." She cast a glance around, trying not to meet the eyes of the two middle-aged women behind them. "I... I really need to go," she admitted in a low whisper, and now she could feel her ears burning with embarrassment. "It was a long car ride, you know. You- you didn't see a bathroom around here, did you?"

"Baby," he whispered, and she shivered at both that word and the sensation of his warm hand squeezing hers tight. "What have I told you about your words, hmm? You know you're not allowed to say the big-girl word – certainly not when you're wearing... you know..." He chuckled softly in her ear, and she felt a ripple of gooseflesh shiver across her skin. "Ask me again, Alesha. And this time... use the right word."

No, please- God, what if someone heard?! But her urgency was growing, and the gurgling pressure in her stomach was mounting, and there was surely the possibility that Josh had indeed seen the bathroom while she'd been staring at her phone. She just had to ask nicely, and then he'd let her go. He'd hold their place in line, and she'd dart out and back in a matter of minutes...

"Did...", she began, and her voice was quavery and quiet with shame. "Did you see a... a potty? I gotta use the potty... really bad." "Oh, a *potty!*" Josh responded, in tones entirely too loud for her comfort. "Well, let me think. Yeah, I think I did see one near the entrance. But that's a good five minutes' walk from here – and I distinctly remember seeing a line all the way out the door."

Her heart sank as his hand tightened on hers and he ruffled her hair affectionately. "Look, the line's moving, honey! Honestly, I think you'll just have to hold it. The haunted house isn't really that big, though, so I'm sure we'll be through before you know it. And then we'll find the potty, I promise..."

Well, nuts. He was right. This line *was* moving forward, and the entrance *was* a long way back. And really, she *should* be able to hold it, right? She was a freaking adult. She should be able to wait an extra fifteen minutes, surely.

So forward they went through the crisp autumn air: her shivering and doing her level best not to give any sign of the growing urgency within, and him standing coolly beside her, a bright smile on his handsome face. Eight more people in front of them. Then five. Then three. And finally, *finally*, they were getting their hands stamped and putting on the special 3D glasses, then ducking forward through the doorway into the cobwebbed darkness beyond.

Within were ghastly voices. Screams of horror. Spine-tingling sounds of axes being sharpened, and the grate of granite tombs sliding open, and the disembodied flutter of bat wings around their ears. Forward they stepped, hand in hand – and Alesha shivered with mingled fright and relief as the first glowing skeletons hove into view. Thank goodness, she mused to herself as her eyes adjusted to the dark. At least now she'd have something to take her mind off her damned bladder and gut.

"Aaaahhh!" Screams erupted from the people in front of them, and a nervous chuckle escaped her lips. Hah. Silly people getting scared at such ordinary things. It was just a plain old haunted house. Everyone was perfectly safe. The point was to have fun, to see how creepy and realistic and unexpected the designers had made it. Yeah. Just laugh and go forward and enjoy yourself...

Spiders were next. Then Mummies. Vampires leering their bloody smiles. Even a pair of werewolves, snapping and howling in the distance. "Dang, they did a good job," she admitted, and beside her Josh chuckled agreement. "This sure is something else, isn't it?"

And then she felt it. A cool, serpentine slithering around her bare ankles... for all the world like she'd just been caught in the coils of a gargantuan snake. She stiffened in horror, while at the edges of her vision she could now see the dim outlines of a giant, reptilian mass, slipping closer and closer. Baleful yellow eyes glared out of the dark, and through her 3D glasses they took on a positively horrific proximity, drawing closer and ever closer. It was – it could be nothing else but – an impossibly large snake. *God, no, no no! Not snakes! Anything but a- a- snake-!*

But it was the hissing that got her in the end: the malevolent, quavering hiss that shivered out – not from the darkness around her, but seemingly from within her own head. *Yoouuureee minnneee*, it whispered. *My helplessss preyyyyy...*

Perhaps another person might have screamed bloody murder. Perhaps someone with a stouter heart would have laughed and marveled over the way that the bone conduction audio built into these 3D glasses worked so damn well. But all poor Alesha – paralyzed with fright, staring in wordless terror into the stuff of her darkest nightmares – could do was whimper. While every other thought and impulse within her fled for the hills.

Including, that is, her muscular control.

"Baby, it's fine," came Josh's voice at last into her terrified consciousness – but even as she heard those words, she became aware that all was most definitely NOT fine. For she could already feel the wet heat of her own urine, gushing forcefully out of her aching bladder and flooding through the padding of her pull-up. Already she was feeling the sudden expansion in her pants, accompanied by the muffled burble of her bowels as they emptied willingly out into that same padding. And yes... as the poor, abused garment filled with her shameful indiscretions, she could begin to feel the first dribbles of what were soon to be profuse leaks, snaking down her legs and dribbling pathetically down into her sandals.

"Come on, it's just a silly snake," he chuckled – and ended up half-dragging, half shoving the whimpering young woman forward through the dark. With every faltering step she could feel the slippery, gooey mess between her ass cheeks, pressing deeper and deeper in as the poor pull-up swelled under the inundation. Every step sent a fresh trickle of wet humiliation coursing down her thighs, and before long similar trickles of salty shame were slipping down her cheeks. Not even the appearance of daylight could console her now; for while it meant blessed release from this horrific house, it also meant that everyone would see – and smell – the extent of her pathetic accident.

She... she'd tried to hold it. Like a big girl. And she had most definitely failed... yet again. Which, her fearful imagination was only too happy to suggest, was more than enough justification for Josh to take away not only her panties but her pull-ups too – for a very, very long time to come.

And so Alesha stumbled forward into the light, oblivious now to all but the sordid images in her mind. Oh, could see it all already: Josh taking her smelly, pathetic self home... him pulling open her panty drawer... ordering her to cut them up one after another... laughing and teasing her gently as he made her fill it instead with diaper upon disposable diaper. No more big girl panties for her, he would say as she whined and blushed and blubbered her feeble protests. Just thick, embarrassing, bulky diapers. Diapers that would crinkle and bulge and remind her and everyone else that here was a young woman who couldn't be trusted to keep her own pants clean and dry...

Now *that* was a scary thought!

Or... or was it?